

FANTASTIC WALKIE TALKIES TO BE WON

MARVEL  
2nd June 90

№103 45p

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# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

WHERE  
DID IT COME  
FROM?

WHAT  
IS IT?

WOW!

MOST  
UNSCIENTIFIC!



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Where do frogs hang their coats? How do you tell a frog to go away? Where do frogs sit? The answer to these riddles, in no particular order are: a croakroom, hop it and on a toadstool! If you thought that the Peter Venkman style of joke telling was taking over the World, you could well be right! On the other hand, it could have something to do with the amphibian apocalypse that issue one hundred and three of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** seems to have landed slap bang in the middle of! To avoid being squelched by a giant-sized French delicacy, dive into this week's story, **Toad Busters!** If all this froggy business leaves you cold, there's always this week's **Winston's Diary**, which may give you second thoughts before you reach for your favourite comic in the future! What with part four of **The Werewolf** and a fabulous competition to enter, it's pretty apocalyptic all round!

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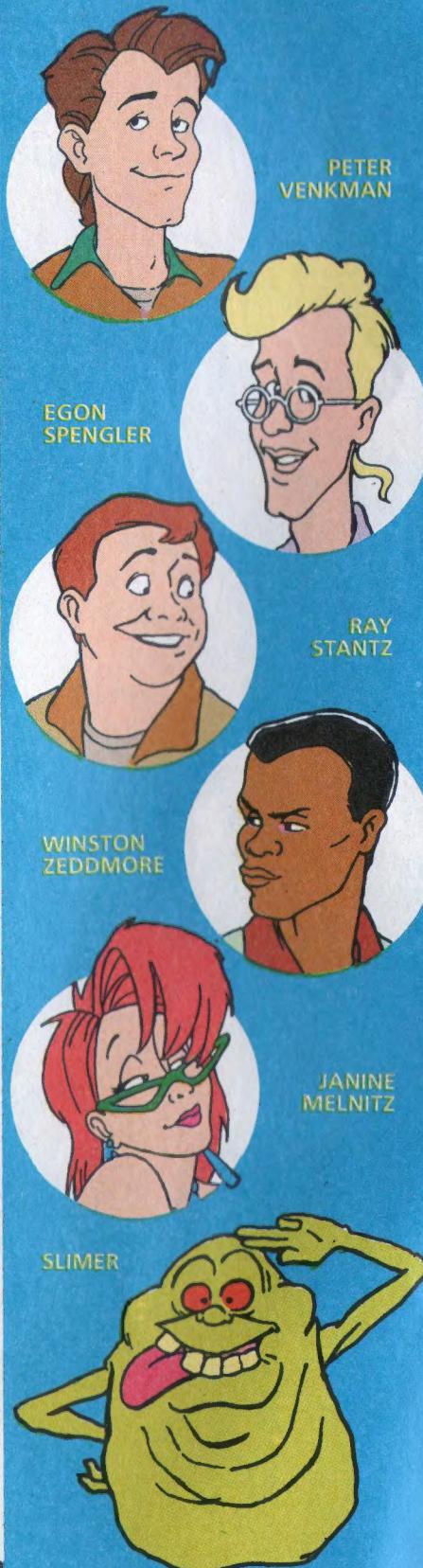
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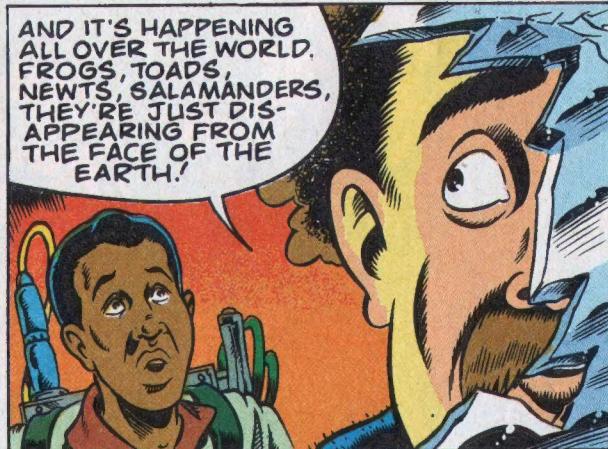


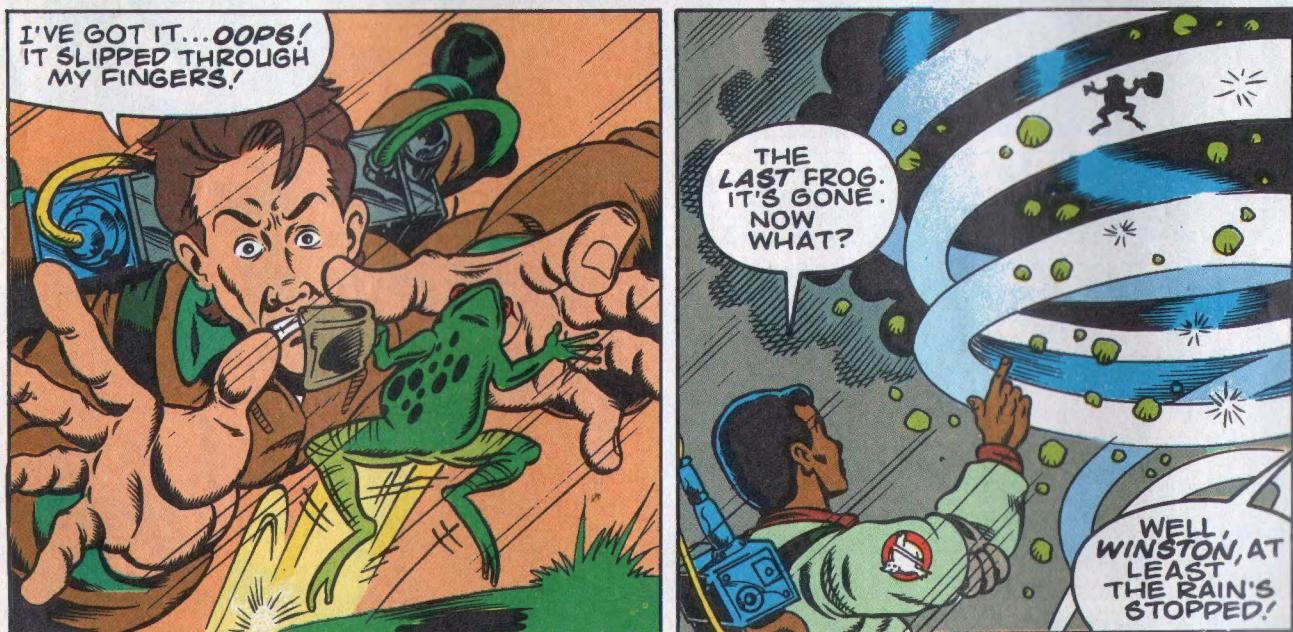
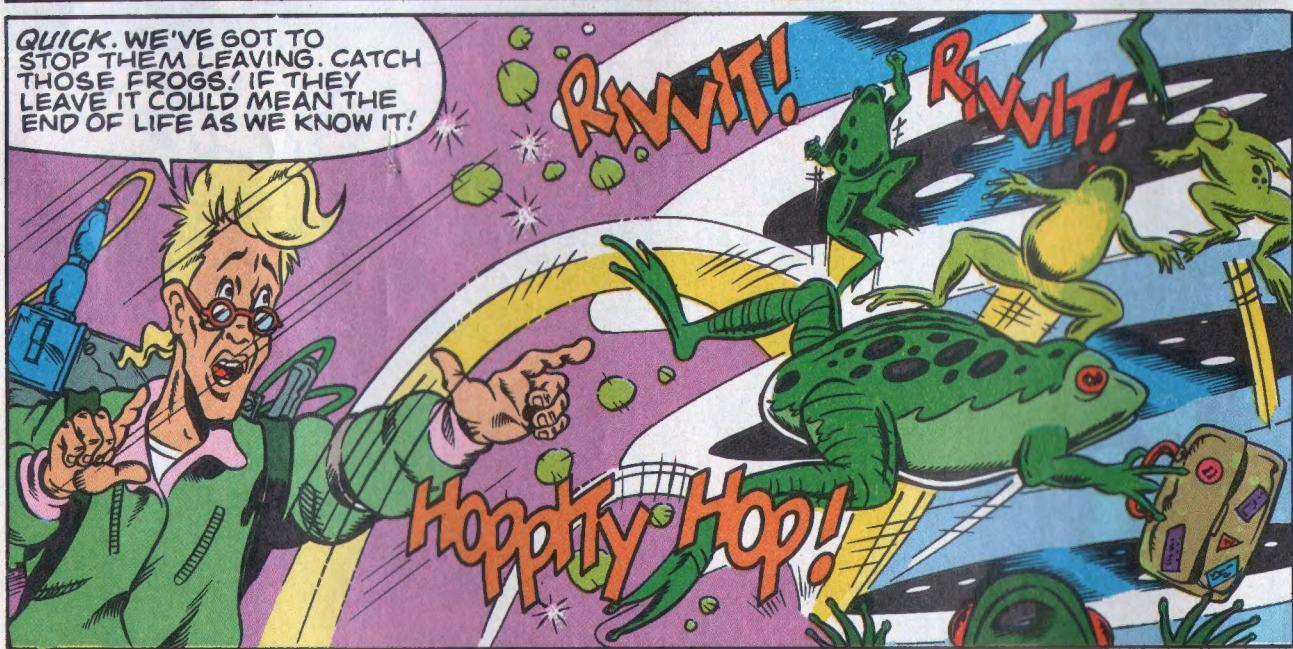
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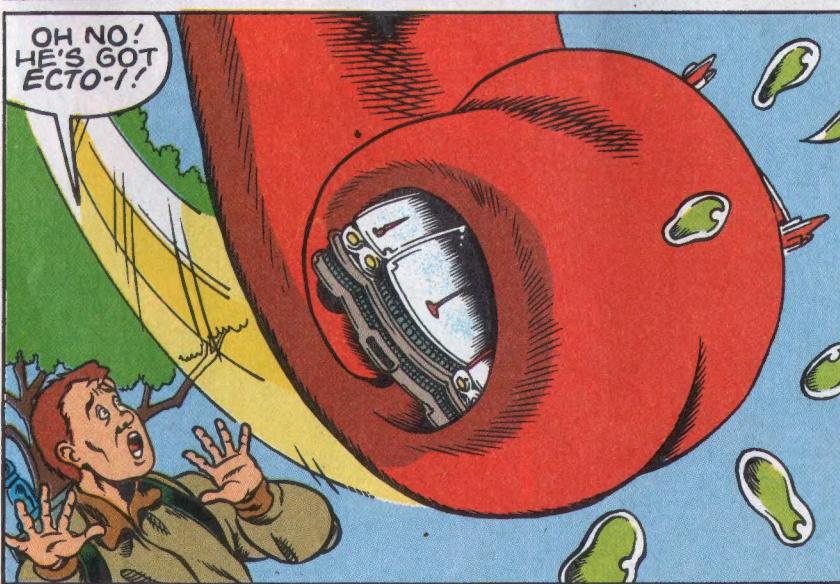
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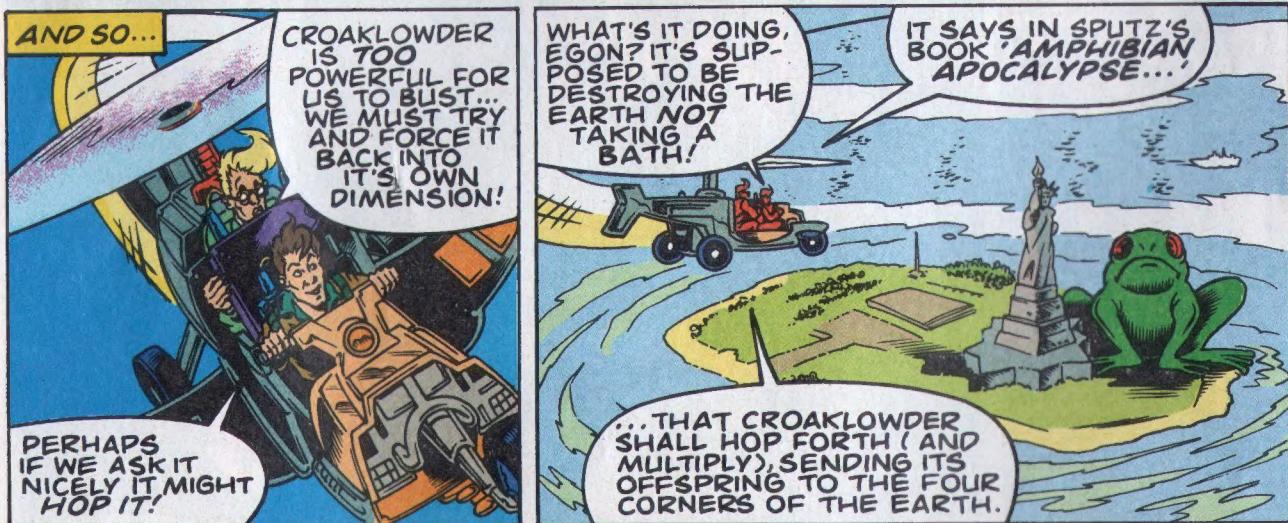


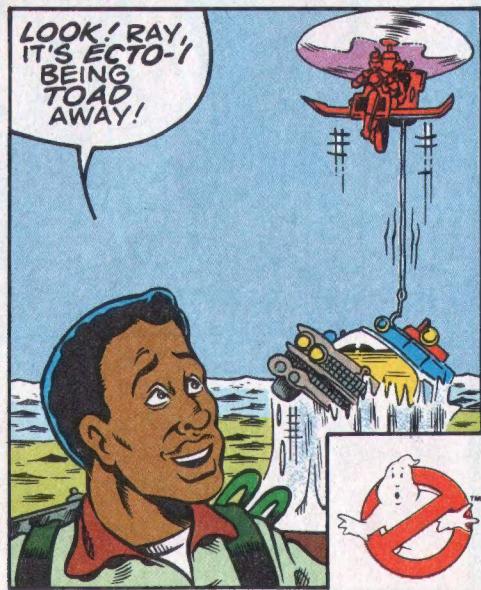
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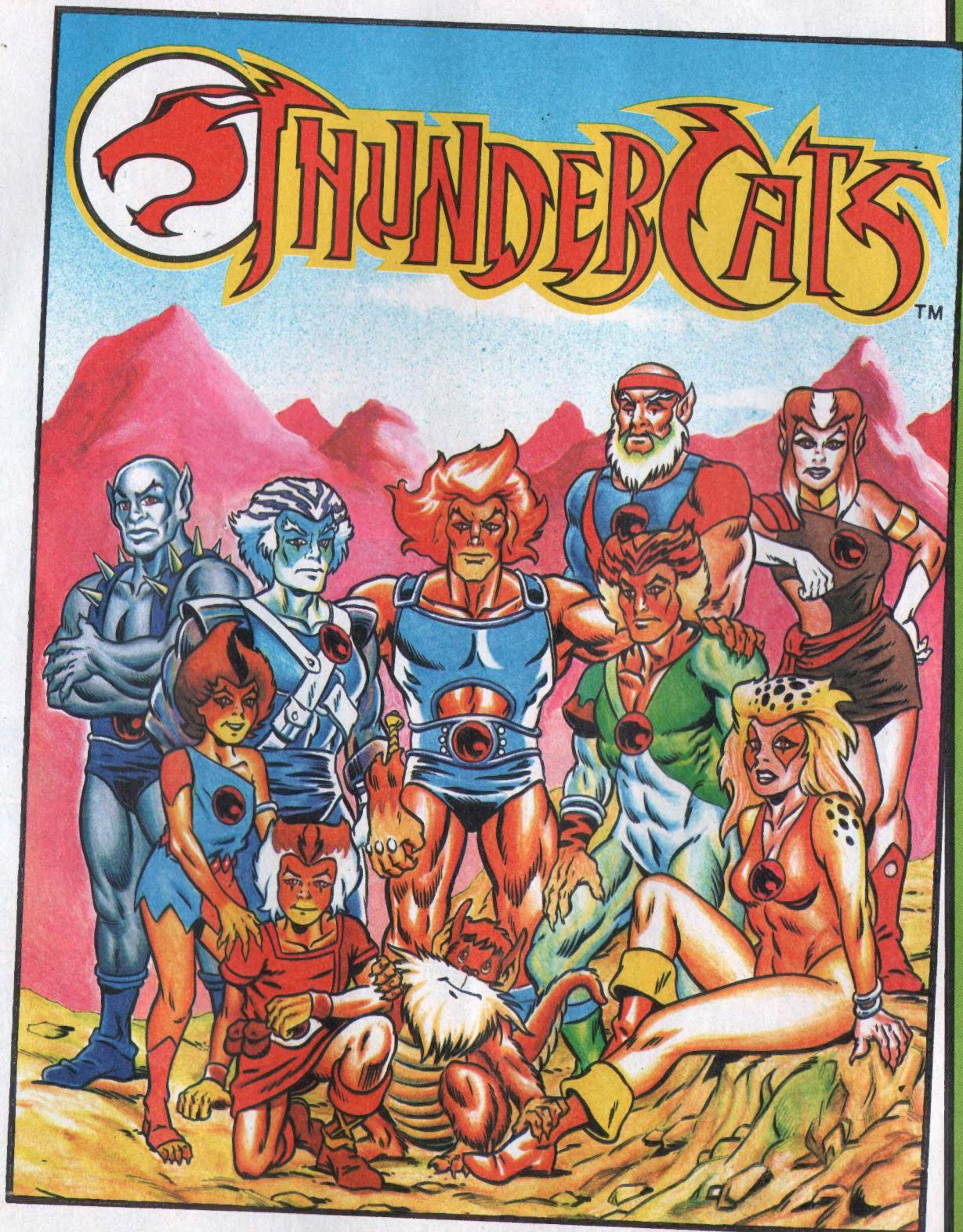








MEET THE...



PACKED WITH FUN AND  
ADVENTURE EVERY FORTNIGHT!

# SPENGLER'S SPIRIT

# GUIDE

Aeons ago, in Guide forty-eight, I covered the great classics of horror comics and their influence on the mortal perception of the Supercosmic, following repeated demands from Peter. Now, I come to cover a far more bizarre subject – the comics that are published and read on the other side of the Spiritual Plane. Yes, it's true...ghosts have their own comics – how do you think they keep their kids quiet?

#### *Carton Time*

A despicable little title that's just a must for every little Yldammic fiendlet around. The stories mainly feature around the distress and discomfort caused to mere mortals when they are compressed for any seriously long length of time in cardboard cartons the size of burger boxes. Not for the claustrophobic.

#### *Doctor Whuuurggh*

This is a comic with only one aim – to make people go "Whuuurggh!" It has no other known purpose. The Editors consider it to be a bonus if after their readers have gone "Whuuurggh", they immediately run and hide in a cupboard under the stairs, but this is not essential. So long as they say "Whuuurggh" that's good enough for the publishers!



## PART 103

#### *Burp! Burp!*

The premise of this little character is straightforward. One day, a long time ago, a little red car was destroyed in an abominable crash on a lonely stretch of road. Now, its spectre comes to terrorize drivers with the dreadful, satanic 'Burp'. Burp!'

#### *Traction Farce*

Twin demons, Flunk and Lady Joyless, take pathetic bunches of humans hostage and make outrageous ransom demands. This one has demons the whole Spirit World over, laughing their socks off, but then they're like that aren't they?

#### *Nigel the Nuisance*

In which there is nothing

printed at all. The publishers visit little ghoul's homes, making threatening demands for story lines. Supercosmically speaking, this comic actually requires fans to pay NOT to have it delivered.

#### *Formorian Symm*

Fire, brimstone, treacle, sink-plungers, guides to Chalfont-St-Giles. This is as sickening as it gets.

#### *Trashfoamers*

The only words to describe this obscure title are 'Whortlesunby', 'Varicouslylently', 'Salaciominkpurse' and 'Fractaldabidolmy'. Seeing as all these are part of the Yldammic unspoken creed, they don't make a lot of sense to anybody.

#### *Dizzress*

This is the worst of the lot. The words used to describe the above comic don't even come close to expounding the horror of this title. It makes you want to be unkind to your cat, which nobody would do in a month of Sundays.

#### *Month of Sundays*

Forget what I just said. The only thing worse than this is the unmentionable *Grip* magazine, which doesn't actually exist, but is used solely to frighten young demonlets.

# WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDMORE



Story DAN ABNETT Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and DAVE HARWOOD

**Friday, 25th May 1990**

Don't get me wrong—I love comics. I grew up reading the adventures of *Digital Sam*—*The Silicon Avenger*, *The East-End Revengers* and *Doctor Wow*. I waited each week for the new ones to come out so that I could catch up with *The Intriguing Scarab-Man*, or find out which bit of the Universe *Blast Bennet, Guardian of The Universe* was guarding at the moment. Egon has actually complained on several occasions that my comic collection takes up too much room in the HQ library. Sheesh, the man has no sense of proportion.

But *Slikkscape—Pointy-Toothed Gobbler from Gehenna* took me aback a bit. I'll rephrase that. It scared the whoolies out of me. It came through the HQ letterbox this week and I snapped it up thinking it was my regular order of *Tormax the Turbo Engine* and got a bit of a shock. Well, I say a bit...

When Egon came home, he eventually found me cowering in the cupboard under the stairs and asked me, would you believe, what the problem was. 'The comic...' I gasped nervously.

'I told you those things were bad for you,' he remarked loftily.

'No, no...' I stammered, 'That comic...' and I pointed desperately to the copy of *Slikkscape* that was still lying on the floor where I had dropped it on my way to the cupboard. Egon picked it up and leafed through it with a despairing shrug of 'Honestly, Zeddmore, grow up...'

'Be careful...' I warned him.

A short while later, Egon and I discussed the problem from the safety of the cupboard under the stairs. 'The comic...' I began, and Egon shuddered at the very thought of it.

'Where did it come from?' I asked.

'I don't want to think about it' snapped Egon. 'Whuuurggh' he added.

'"Whuuurggh"?' I queried. 'You didn't like it either, huh?'

Egon looked at me impatiently. It was dark under the stairs and I couldn't see his face, but I knew he was looking at me impatiently anyway.

'I would have thought,' he said in

measured tones, 'that the alacrity with which I curtailed my purchase on said pamphlet and made rapid and not to say distracted evacuation of the foyer to the comparatively secure and reassuring confines of this under-stair storage area, would have supplied a demonstrative



response to your ill-considered conjecture.'

'Come again?' I managed.

'Winston. I dropped the blessed thing like a red-hot poker and bombed in here waving my arms and legs, wailing "Mummy! Mummy! I'll be a good boy from now on, I promise!" What would you think I thought about it?'

'That you didn't like it,' I fathomed.

'Quite.' he replied. We were silent for a few minutes.

'So, where did it come from?' I asked, finally.

'Whuuurggh,' said Egon.

**Saturday, 26th May 1990**

The answer wasn't 'whuuurggh' of course. Peter and Ray came back sometime after midnight, looked around for us and eventually attempted to cajole us out from the cupboard with promises of cherry crush and West Pier Pizza. That was until Ray added 'Hey, and your comic's here too, Winston. Say, it looks good. Let me see now..!'

'Don't touch it!' Egon and I yelled in harmony.

The only reason we actually came out from the cupboard eventually was the fact that it wasn't built to hold four, and what with Ray's foot in Egon's face and Peter's elbow in my lumbar region, it had brought a whole new meaning to the word 'cosy'.

'What we have here,' said Egon thoughtfully as he picked up the copy of *Slikksrape – Pointy-Toothed Gobbler From Gehenna* with the longest pair of remote-manipulation tongs he could find and lowered it into a lead-lined sack that Ray had pegged open on the bannisters, 'is a comic not of this world.'

'Meaning?' asked Peter, his voice muffled by the filing cabinet he was hidden behind.

Egon zipped up the sack with a flourish and dropped it into a waiting Ghost Trap (even that seemed to have a bit of a trying time swallowing it). 'Vondahuck wrote that the Supercosmos has its own publications: books, newspapers and comics all designed for the entertainment of the ghastly denizens dwelling on the other side of the interdimensional partition. It's all in here – Vondahuck's *Spookeeasy – the Organ of the Spirit-comic World*.' He lobbed a book at us that was the size and weight of a mid-sized anvil. None of us bothered to catch it.

'So, this thing is a ghost's comic?' asked Ray. 'They actually enjoy reading about...about...wuuurggh.'

'Exactly!' said Egon, prising the copy of Vondahuck's book free from the dent it had made in the floor.

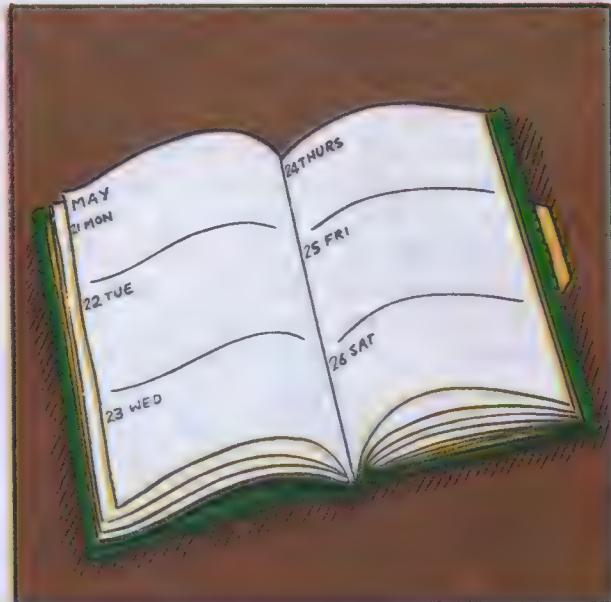
• 'So why was it delivered here?' asked Peter's disembodied, behind-the-filing-cabinet voice.

'Who knows?' Egon mused. 'The laws of the Cosmic and Supercosmic realms are as inextricable and intertwined as pot noodle, as we all know.'

'I know about pot noodle, anyway!' Peter murmured gruffly.

'Strange, though!' echoed Ray. 'One twitch of fate and something gets delivered wrong. Why did it come here? Who was it meant for? Is it going to muck up subscriptions all across Reality?'

'We'll never know...' said Egon.



*Epilogue: Somewhere in the Caverns of Utter Gloom, the Supercosmos...*

Kraspss, Pit Fiend of odorous visage, shook his head sadly. 'It's criminal...really criminal!'

Around him, in the black, sulphurous void, tetchy rasplettes caterwauled and bayed at the rising moons.

'I don't know about criminal,' replied Fylte, Kraspss's wife-fiend. 'All I know is that it frightened the screaming blue whatsitsnames out of little Byklot when he started to read it. Ooh, makes me shudder to think. It took me an hour to get him out from the cave under the monolith. Ought not to be allowed. Burn it, I should,' she went on.

'Oh, I will,' replied Kraspss, scrunching up the thing and popping it into the furnace. 'What was it called again?' asked Fylte.

'THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS or something...' muttered Kraspss with a shiver. His wife-fiend cringed. 'Whuuurggh,' she said.



# 25 FANTASTIC PRIZES TO BE WON!



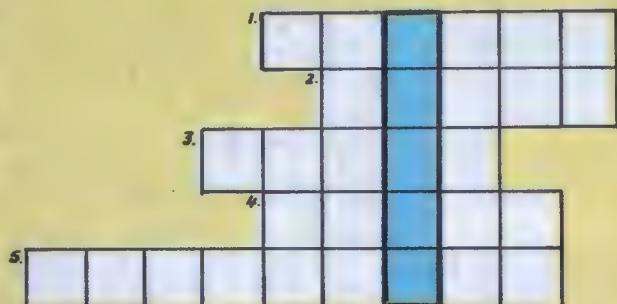
If you've always enjoyed communicating with your friends, what you really need is one of these fantastic prizes from **ADAM LEISURE LTD.** The first TEN prize-winners in this great competition will win a Fabulous headset style HANDS FREE WALKIE TALKIE, which is a voice-activated communication system with a flexible safety antenna. There will be TEN second prizes of LONG RANGE WALKIE TALKIES which operate over distances of up to 250 metres, and finally, FIVE third prizes of a POTTERS SET. The set comprises of a motorised wheel, clay, paints and glazes that require no firing. So, what do you have to do to enter this brilliant competition? The answer is simple.

By inserting the correct answers into the grid below, you will find the name of another communication device. All you have to do is write this hidden word on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope, along with your name and address and send it to:

**WALKIE TALKIE COMPETITION, THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS COMIC, MARVEL COMICS, 13/15 ARUNDEL ST, LONDON WC2R 3DX.**  
Your entry should arrive no later than **June 18th, 1990.**

**RULES:** The first correct entries examined after the closing date will receive the prizes. The Editor's decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into. This competition is open to all readers in Great Britain other than employees and their families of Marvel Comics Ltd. and Adam Leisure Ltd.

1. This picks up signals for your television and is often to be seen on rooftops.
2. There are sound ones, air ones and most commonly, ones that roll up on the beach.
3. You can speak them, write them, sing them and if you put them all together you can make a language.
4. A way of putting the above on to paper so that they can be read.
5. A common appliance found in the home and offices to enable people to talk to each other long distance.



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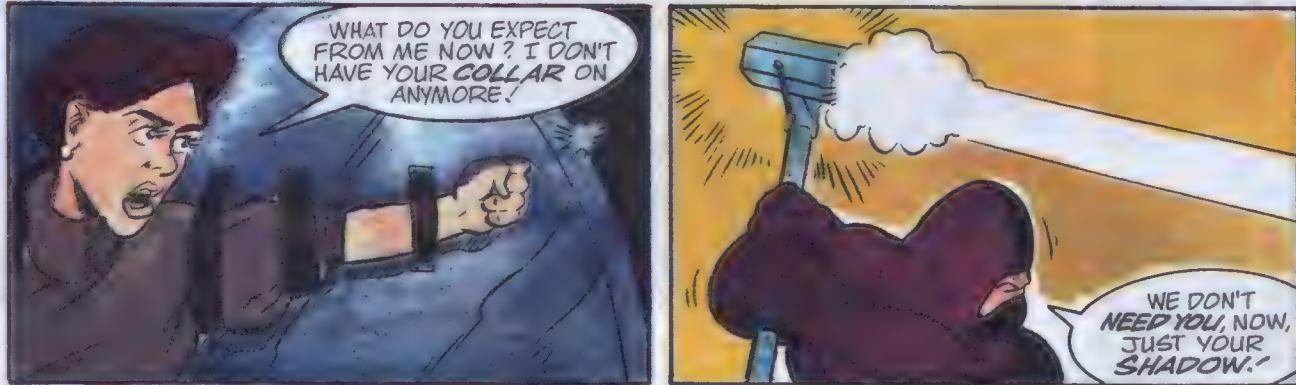
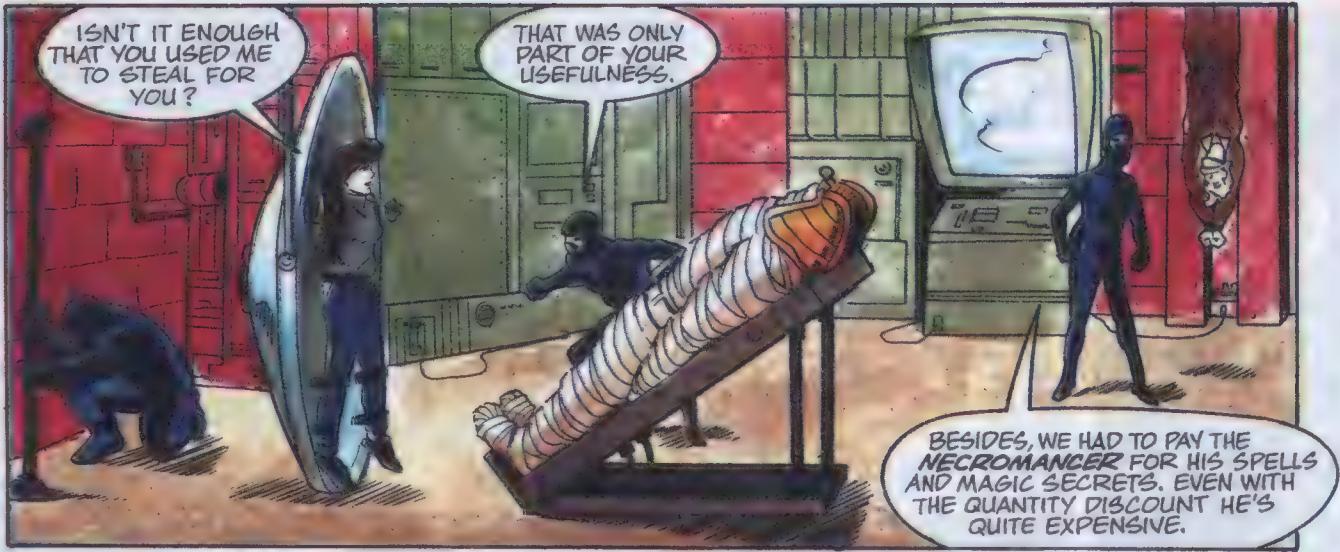
**BEFORE SLIMER GETS THERE FIRST!**

**FROM MARVEL**

# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

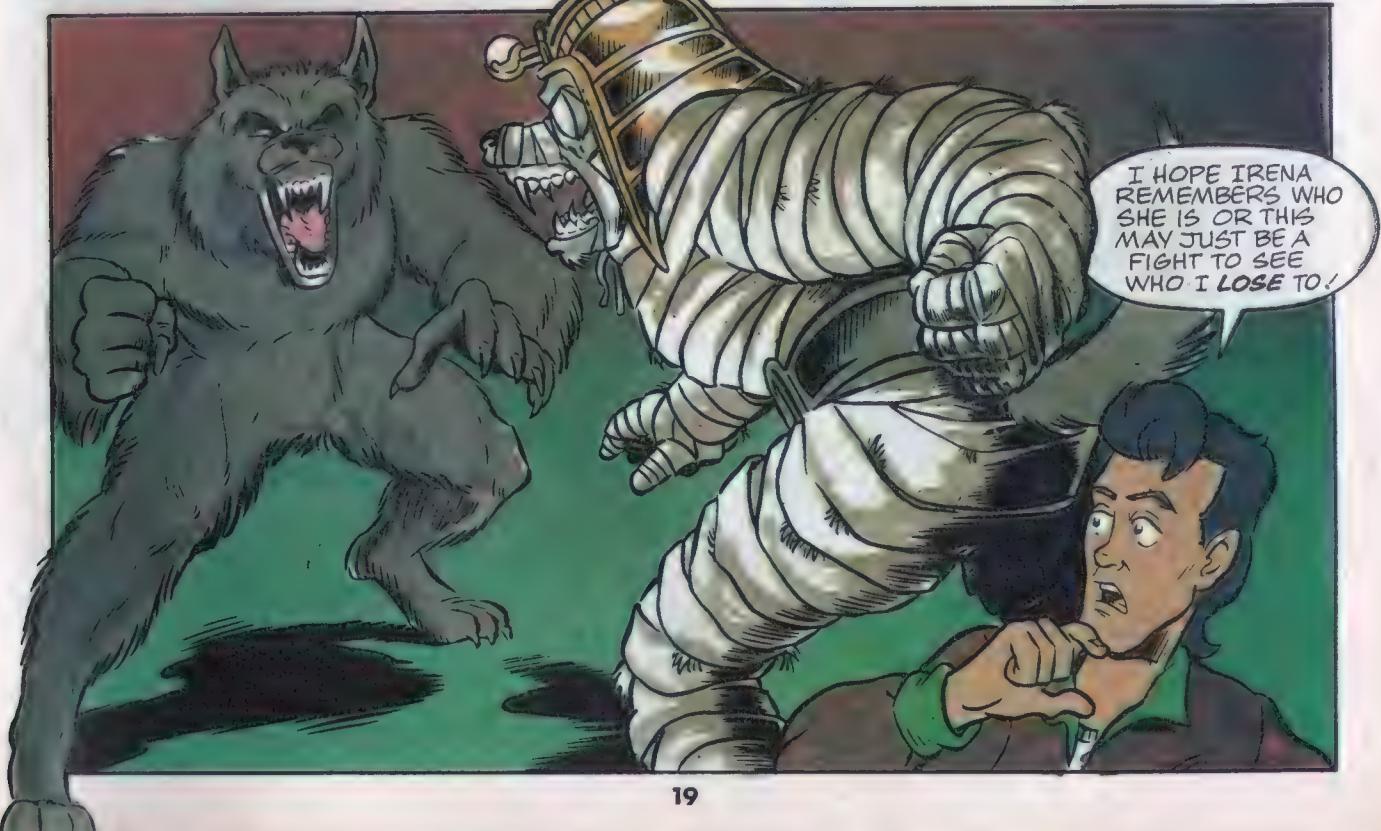
Part Four: The werewolf and Peter Venkman have been kidnapped. Will The Real Ghostbusters come to the rescue in time?



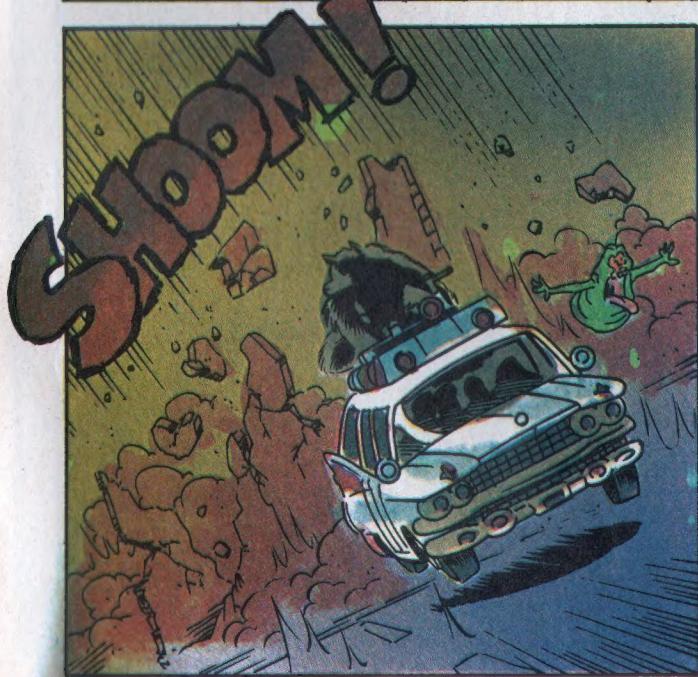
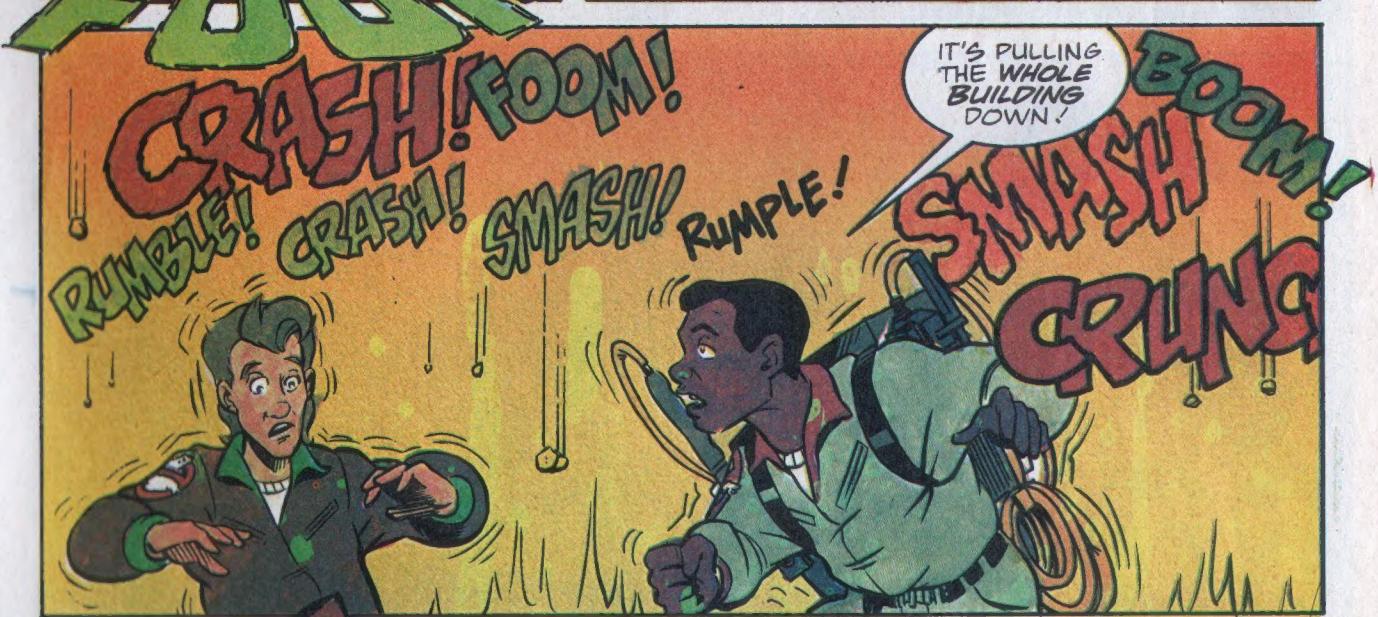
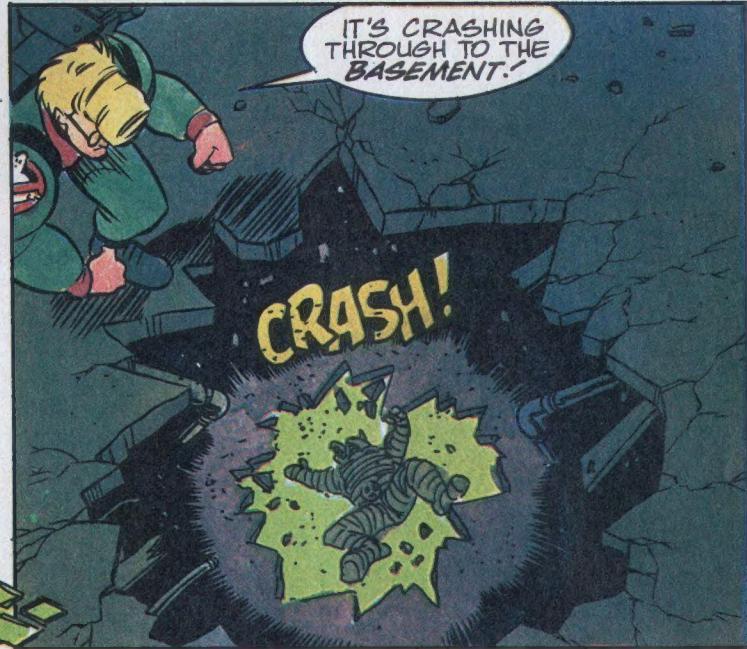


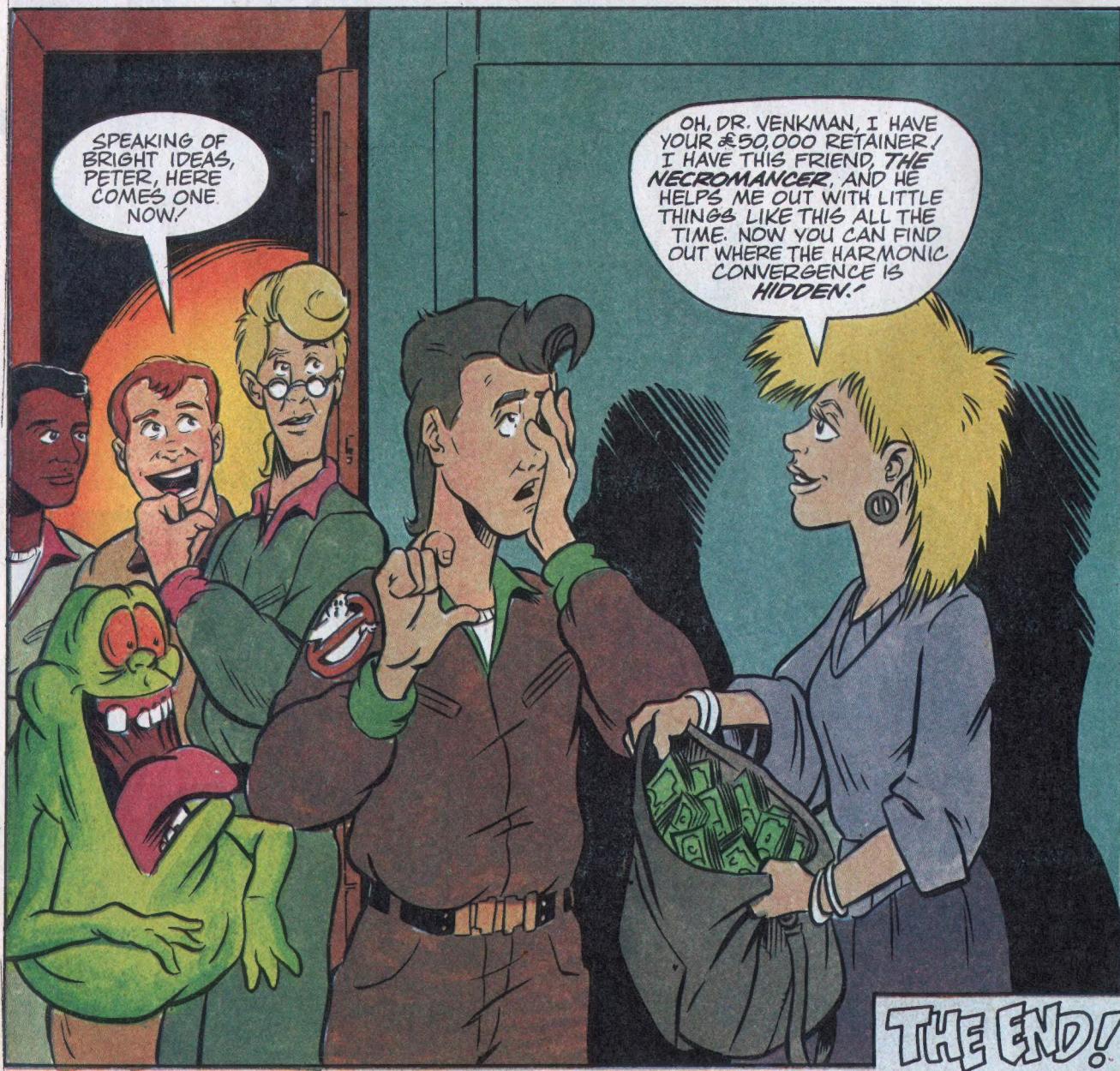












# DEAD TREE!



here is no sadder tale, than that of grieving spirits and Plas Mawr in Conway is haunted by two of them.

At the end of the sixteenth century, the master of the house had been away at war for some time and on news of his return, his pregnant wife and their young child took to the watch tower to await him. As the evening wore on and there was no sign of him, they began their descent down the spiral staircase. Unfortunately, the mother slipped, falling with her child in her arms to the bottom of the stairs. Alerted by the distressed cries of mother and child, the housekeeper called the family doctor. The doctor was not available, so his young assistant, Dr. Dick, rushed to the house. As time passed, the Mother's condition grew worse and it looked certain that

she would give birth to her child prematurely. With this realisation, the young doctor wished to go and seek the experience of the senior doctor. However, the housekeeper would not allow the young doctor to leave, and instead sent a message with one of the servants to the senior doctor's house. As fate would have it, the message was never to arrive and during the period of waiting, the master arrived home from battle. Naturally, he demanded to see his wife and child, and on hearing of the accident, burst into the lantern room where they were interned, to find his wife, his child and his new-born baby all dead. Dr. Dick had mysteriously vanished! Such was the master's grief at his great loss, he locked the door of the room and refused access to it until the missing doctor could be found. Hour after hour passed, and the tortured man paced up and down,



crying in anguish. During the long night, his cries ceased, and in the morning he was found dead at the foot of his wife's bed. It is thought that his grief was too great to bear. As for the mysterious disappearance of the young doctor, it seems that through fear of being blamed for the unfortunate deaths, he used the only escape route possible and climbed up the chimney which linked to other chimneys and secret passageways. Since he never emerged, it is likely that he lost his way in the labyrinth of tunnels and was overcome with smoke and fumes. To this day, the only thing that has been heard of him, are the ghostly cries from the chimneys, said to be his spirit crying out for his remains to be found and given a Christian burial. The master can also be heard, pacing the lantern room floor.



Mr Rose

